



Mother passed away when I was almost 13 years old. I still remember some of the things she told me.

She was always telling me stories about articles she had read or I am sure she made some of them up--but they always had a lesson and were very interesting.

I can remember helping her pull weeds in the garden--she could sure make them floy! She worked fast and hard--had lots to do and made every minute count. While she was working in the garden or raking around the yard--clear out to the road, or planting roses around the stake house while I was with her she always had a story to tell about honesty, truthfulness etc.

The one story I remember so well was the story of a young man working for a large company. He was doing very well and was up for promotion. However, he had competition--another man with equal qualifications was after the same job. The boss called them in one day and told them he was to be gone for two weeks and when he returned he would decide which one to promote.

The first man worked hard--very hard, but he didn't make many more articles than they were making. He felt bad and was afraid he wouldn't get the job. However, the things he had were made well. The other boy was determined to get the job, so he worked fast and made a lot more articles, but they were of inferior quality. Naturally, when the boss came home he gave the job to the boy who worked carefully.

Mother made each one of us feel "special." When friends came to visit--there were always a half dozen kids around, each one was introduced "very special like" to the friend. This one was going to be a doctor, this one a lawyer, this one is going to be the tallest--don't you think he looks like the president? This girl is going to be a nurse, etc.

Mother worked in the Relief Society, Primary, etc. She found time to read. She had lots of friends. I don't know how she had the time, the stamina, the patience to get all the work done, keep us fed and clean and let each one of us know we were loved, wanted and special; she had a wonderful personality.

Mother was born in Riverton Utah, April 9, 1885. Her parents moved to the San Luis Valley and settled along the Conejos River just a few miles west of Antonito. She grew up with the Spanish speaking people and as a result could speak Spanish fluently. She had a Spanish lady help with the washing etc. two days a week. I can remember them talking Spanish. When Elvera (the oldest) graduated from the University of Utah, she returned home and taught Spanish at the Academy. I remember they practiced speaking Spanish to each other. They were very close and very much alike.

Mother was loved by everyone, including the Spanish people. She was very kind and tolerant but she did command respect, obedience. If we were slow or reluctant to do something she asked, there was no big hassle--she didn't even raise her voice--she would thump us on the head with her thimble finger hard, or gently get us by the ear and lead us firmly to what we were supposed to have been doing. We got the message!

Dad guided his family with a stern hand--at the same time he was gentle and kind. We soon learned to do what Dad said and to respect his judgement. We all worked hard, but had some time to play. I remember Dad and Uncle Sam bought a car that was built like a panel truck. It had heavy wire screening about 1½ in. square. I know they planned to haul sheep in it. Dad and Uncle Sam took all the boys up the Conejos Canyon on a father's and son's outing. We were all put in the back and I remember them joking that we looked like a bunch of monkeys in a cage! We stayed out two nights. It was a wonderful time for all of us.

I have often wondered how Dad stood up under the terrible burden of raising his family after mother died. I felt real bad when Mother died, but I was not quite 13 years old and didn't realize the problems we were to face.

Dad was able to hold us all together--there weren't any big long lectures or anything like that. We just learned to help each other, and when we needed advice or help--we knew we could depend on Dad. Mother was gone and it was up to dad to carry on and I think he did a wonderful job.

One of the things I regret so much is that I never really sat down and told dad what a really wonderful job he had done with his family. I know I told him in a casual way, but now I feel I didn't tell him loud or forceful enough though I know he knew.

Dad kept in touch with me while I was going to school. He wrote quite often and if he wrote to all the other kids as much--and I'm sure he did--he wrote a lot of letters. We hardly ever used the phone for long distance calls.

Dad and his brothers, Sam and Lafe and Grandpa Jackson had the first power plant in Manassa. It furnished electricity to our homes. I can remember when the power plant building burned down. By that time rural electricity had arrived in Manassa, so we switched to that. They saved the engine and used it to chop grain for a few years. The power plant was located just south of Grandad's house about 100 yards.

I can remember when Dad would go to the Cerritis flour mill for our flour. They used water power from a spring in the Jensen ranch. They ran the water out of the Cerritis hill to make power to run the mill. Dad came home one night feeling bad and told mother that his old friend Joe, a Mexican who had herded sheep with him had been killed. He got caught in a moving belt in the mill and was unable to get loose. That night dad told us of some of the experiences they had.

Dad didn't let us kids know how badly he felt when mother died. He cried secretly and stayed up all night with her when they brought her home. There were no mortuaries around Manassa at that time. The custom was to keep the body at home until time of the funeral. Many people came to express sympathy and brought flowers. The smell of flowers was everywhere. I never smell a rose today without thinking of mother's funeral. The morning of the funeral Uncle Sam came to the house to see dad before they took her to the church for the funeral. I was in the kitchen with dad and the others--and when Uncle Sam came in the door they looked at each other a split second threw their arms around each other and both cried like their hearts were broken. Dad said, "Sam, you don't know how hard it is."

I still don't think we realized what Dad went through when mother died. I remember Brother Crowther was our Sunday School teacher and I think it was the next Sunday or so later he was teaching the class and said mother was such a wonderful person and that the Lord must have thought so too because he took her to help him on the other side--knowing that she was needed so badly here by her family.

Dad had a little "bay window" or tummy, before mother died. I remember mother kidding him about it. He soon lost it after her death and was always thin after that.

One time dad had his feelings hurt because someone had told him that the reason mother died so young was because she had so many children so fast. He didn't have anyone else to talk to but us. He told me that every one of the children were wanted and loved by both of them. Sam was to be the last baby. They had planned on twelve children. He said when Sam was born and she found he was a boy, she cried a little tear--she had been planning on a little girl to be the last. He said that Sam was the only one that she wanted to be a girl--the rest of us--it didn't matter as long as we were healthy.

Dad liked to sing and on cold winter nights he would sit in his rocking chair in front of the big wood and coal burning stove in the dining room, rock back and forth and sing--mostly church songs. He sang "Come, come Ye Saints" a lot. He would sing with his eyes closed as if he were thinking while he sang.

Shortly after Mother and Dad were married, the Company had sheep and of course Dad had to take his turn herding them. That meant he was gone two weeks at a time or more, which was hard enough, but to me the two year mission he filled in England after they were married would have been the most trying experience. I have read some of the letters they both wrote while he was in England. They had three children and Mother was expecting another. When Leonard, the new baby died, Dad had never seen him; he knew he had died before he received Mother's letter telling him the news.

He said he had a dream. He saw the baby coming across the water and it came right to him. It startled him so--he sat up in bed and couldn't sleep any more that night. He told his companion the next morning that Leonard had died. He said he felt that the little boy wanted to come and see him and tell him goodbye before he went on.

Dad was born August 21, 1871 in Nephi Utah. I think he was about 18 years old when they moved to Manassa. He said they rode the train to Villa Grove--the end of the railroad. It was just over the mountain pass from Salida into the San Luis Valley. They went by wagon with their supplies to Manassa.

Dad, his brothers Sam and Lafe, Grandad and Grandmother worked where they could. They worked at the mines in Summitville and Stunner, cutting pole broces for the mines and hauling supplies. Grandmother sold milk and butter. They owed her about \$600.00. The mine went broke and she didn't get her money--a fortune in those days! They all worked hard and pulled together. Soon they had a few sheep and then started buying land. They soon had quite an empire with several thousand sheep and several ranches.

I liked the River Ranches best. They were so pretty in the spring. I remember crossing the San Antone River in a buggy, with Uncle Sam and Dad. They were shearing sheep at the old corrals. Water was so high it came into the box of the buggy and I was afraid. The buggy was used for transportation from the corrals to the old red brick house, where they fed lots of help three times a day. The girls helped cook for the hired men. It was fun to be there then. The food smelled so good and everyone was busy and happy.

Dad was a good manager and had a good business head on his shoulders. He kept the books for the partnership which was called the Jackson Investment Co. I know Dad worried about finances during the 1930's. This was during the depression after mother died. The price of grain we needed to feed the sheep was high, and the price of wool and lambs was low. Dad said he was sure that if we could just hang on to those "old sheep" they would pull us out of it, and they did!

Dad believed in education and we all had a chance to get it. I know he would have liked for me to stay on the farm--but when I told him I wanted to go to college, he did everything he could to help me. I know I couldn't have made it without his help. Dad told me several times that brothers or partners could accomplish so much more if they worked together. He compared it to a stream of water--it would cover so much ground--but if there were two and they worked together--like water--two streams would cover three times as much ground.

Dad was a hard worker. He was loving, kind and understanding. From the day I can remember, he treated us and talked to us as if we were much older than we really were. He gave us responsibilities when we were young. We pumped water for the cattle and horses; kept wood and coal in the house for the stoves. We always had a few cows to milk and calves and lambs to feed.

Dad had lots of work to do and was good at delegating responsibility or he couldn't have managed as well as he did. We had confidence and trust in his judgement. If he said to do something, we did it--the way we were told.

Just a year after Mother died, Dad had Alfred, Elbert, Warren and me in the mountains herding sheep. I was about 14 years old--the oldest, so it was my responsibility to move camp from Mt. Baldy to Weedy Canyon. I had been over the trail once before. It was rough and steep and I was afraid the horses would slip and fall or turn their packs. Dad left early with the sheep. Later he sent one of them back to tell me to go down the canyon wall for a short distance, then follow along horizontally and I could get down easier. I went another way, got in a tight spot and couldn't get out except straight ahead--well one pack horse slipped and pulled the other two with her--down the canyon side--end over end. Luckily no one was hurt, but the pack boxes were broken--eggs, oatmeal, sugar all the supplies were scattered over the hillside. I learned that I should go the way Dad said! We all tried to obey him. He expected us to. I've heard him say he never could have raised all of us after mother died without the sheep.

We all took turns herding them, learning great responsibility at an early age. We were expected to know how many sheep were in the herd; if we lost any, we hunted until we found them. I've heard Dad say many times that he was always "blessed with plenty to do!" I would have to agree with him. We were blessed--not only for the work but we were taught how to work.

Through our parents we have a wonderful heritage. We learned to have love and respect for each other--because we had to work and play together. Yes, there are some things I would have changed in our lives--above all--having mother with us longer, but I feel we are all fortunate to have had them as long as we did. They were wonderful parents.